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Sophia Andrews

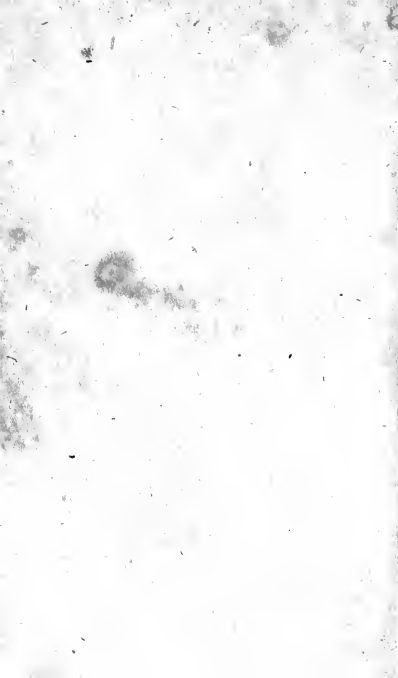
THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-
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George Stewart Murray, Black Watch,
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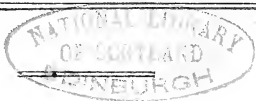
ALAN RAMSAY SCOTUS.

X Glen 405

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD,
A SCOTS
PASTORAL COMEDY:
WITH THE SONGS.

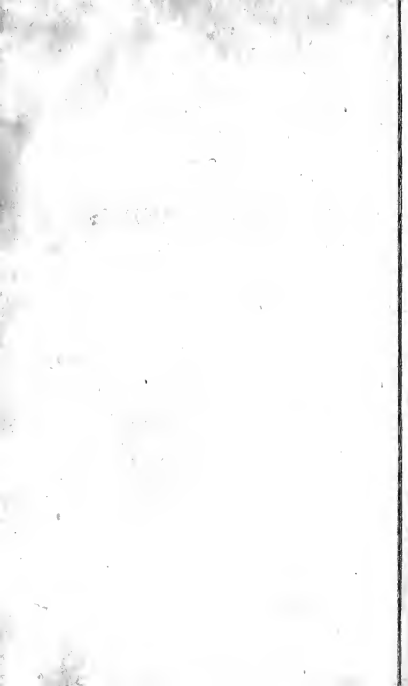
The *Gentle Shepherd* sat beside a spring,
All in the shadow of a bushy brier,
That Colin hight, which well could pipe and sing,
For he of Tityrus his song did here.

Spencer, p. 1113.



EDINBURGH:

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and No. 6, Leith-Street.



To the Right Honourable

SUSANNA, COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN.

MADAM,

THE love of approbation, and a desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the Poets to finish their designs with cheerfulness. But, conscious of their own inability to oppose a storm of spleen and haughty ill-nature, it is generally an ingenious custom among them to chuse some honourable shade.

Wherefore I beg leave to put my Pastoral under your Ladyship's protection. If my Patroness says the Shepherds speak as they ought, and that there are several natural flowers that beautify the rural wild, I shall have good reason to think myself safe from the awkward censure of some pretending judges that condemn before examination.

I am sure of vast numbers that will croud into your Ladyship's opinion, and think it their honour to agree in their sentiments with the Countess of Eglintoun, whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgment shines with an uncommon lustre, while accompanied with the diviner charms of goodness and equality of mind.

If it were not for offending only your Ladyship, here, Madam, I might give the fullest liberty to my muse to delineate the finest of women, by drawing your Ladyship's character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer, since flattery lies not in paying what's due to merit, but in praises misplaced.

Were I to begin with your Ladyship's honourable birth and alliance, the field is ample, and presents us with numberless great and good Patriots that have dignified the names of *Kennedy* and *Montgomery*: Be

that the care of the herald and historian. 'Tis personal merit, and the heavenly sweetness of the fair, that inspire the tuneful lays: Here every Lesbia must be excepted whose tongues give liberty to the slaves which their eyes had made captives; such may be flattered: But your Ladyship justly claims our admiration and profoundest respect; for whilst you are possessed of every outward charm in the most perfect degree, the never-fading beauties of wisdom and piety, which adorn your Ladyship's mind, command devotion.

"All this is very true," cries one of better sense than good nature, "but what occasion have you to tell us the sun shines, when we have the use of our eyes, and feel his influence?"—Very true, but I have the liberty to use the poet's privilege, which is, "To speak what every body thinks." Indeed there might be some strength in the reflection, if the Italian registers were of as short duration as life; but the bard, who fondly hopes immortality, has a certain praiseworthy pleasure in communicating to posterity the fame of distinguished characters—I write this last sentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear: But if I shall prove so happy as to please your Ladyship in the following attempt, then all my doubts shall vanish like a morning vapour:—I shall hope to be classed with Tasso and Guarini, and sing with Ovid,

"If 'tis allow'd to poets to divine,
One half of round eternity is mine."

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's most obedient,
and most devoted servant,
ALLAN RAMSAY.

TO
THE COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN,

With the following Pastoral.

ACCEPT, O Eglintoun ! the rural lays,
That, bound to thee, thy poet humbly pays !
The muse, that oft has rais'd her tuneful strains,
A frequent guest on Scotia's blissful plains,
That oft has sung, her list'ning youth to move,
The charms of beauty, and the force of love,
Once more resumes the still successful lay,
Delighted, thro' the verdant meads to stray.
O ! come, invok'd, and pleas'd, with her repair
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air,
In the cool evening negligently laid,
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade,
Propitious here, and, as thou hear'st, approve
The *Gentle Shepherd's* tender tale of love.

Instructe^d from these scenes, what glowing fires
Inflame the breast that real love inspires !
The fair shall read of ardors, sighs, and tears,
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears :
Hence, too, what passions in his bosom rise !
What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes !
When first the fair one, piteous of his fate,
Cur'd of her scorn, and vanquish'd of her hate,
With willing mind, is bounteous to relent,
And blushing beauteous smiles the kind consent !
Love's passion here in each extreme is shown,
In Charlot's smile, or in Maria's frown.

With words like these, that fail'd not to engage,
Love courted beauty in a golden age,

Pure and untaught, such nature first inspir'd,
 Ere yet the fair affected phrase desir'd.
 His secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art,
 His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart:
 He speaks his love so artless and sincere,
 As thy Eliza might be pleas'd to hear.

Heav'n only to the Rural State bestows
 Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes:
 Secure alike from envy and from care,
 Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet depress'd by fear:
 Nor Want's lean hand its happiness constrains,
 Nor Riches torture with ill-gotten gains.
 No secret guilt its stedfast peace destroys,
 No wild ambition interrupts its joys.
 Elest still to spend the hours that heav'n has lent,
 In humble goodness, and in calm content:
 Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
 Sinless and pure, in fair Humeia's soul.

But now the Rural State these joys has lost:
 Even swains no more that innocence can boast:
 Love speaks no more what beauty may believe,
 Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.
 Now happiness forsakes her blest retreat,
 The peaceful dwellings where she fix'd her seat,
 The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,
 Companion to an upright sober race.
 When on the sunny hill, or verdant plain,
 Free and familiar with the sons of men,
 To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,
 She uninvited came a welcome guest;
 Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
 Brib'd from their innocence incautious hearts:

Then grudging hate, and sinful pride succeed,
Cruel revenge, and false unrighteous deed;
Then dow'rie's beauty lost the power to move;
The rust of lucre stain'd the gold of love:
Bounteous no more, and hospitably good,
The genial hearth first blush'd with stranger's blood:
The friend no more upon the friend relies,
And semblant falsehood puts on truth's disguise:
The peaceful household fill'd with dire alarms:
The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms:
The voice of impious mirth is heard around,
In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd:
Unpunish'd violence lords it o'er the plains,
And happiness forsakes the guilty swains.

Oh Happiness! from human race retir'd,
Where art thou to be found by all desir'd?
Nun sober and devout! why art thou fled,
To hide in shades thy meek contented head?
Virgin of aspect mild! ah why, unkind,
Fly'st thou, displeas'd, the commerce of mankind?
O! teach our steps to find the secret cell,
Where, with thy sire Content, thou lov'st to dwell.
Or say, dost thou a duteous handmaid wait
Familiar at the chambers of the great?
Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call
To noisy revel and to midnight ball?
Or the full banquet when we feast our soul,
Do'st thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl?
Or, with th' industrious planter dost thou talk,
Conversing freely in an evening walk?
Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold,
Watchful and studious of the treasur'd gold?

Seeks Knowledge, not in vain, thy much lov'd pow'r,
Still musing silent at the morning hour?

May we thy presence hope in war's alarms,
In Stairs's wisdom, or in Erskine's charms.

In vain our flatt'ring hopes our steps beguile,
The flying good eludes the searcher's toil :

In vain we seek the city or the cell,

Alone with virtue knows the power to dwell :

Nor need mankind despair those joys to know,

The gift themselves may on themselves bestow :

Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast,

But many passions must the blessing cost ;

Infernal malice, inly pining hate,

And envy, grieving at another's state ;

Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,

Or burning lust, or avarice of gain.

When these are in the human bosom nurs'd,

Can peace reside in dwellings so accurs'd ?

Unlike, O Eglington ! thy happy breast,

Calm and serene enjoys the heav'nly guest ;

From the tumultuous rule of passions freed,

Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed :

In virtues rich, in goodness unconfin'd,

Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind ;

Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's name.

How swift to praise, how guiltless to defame ?

Bold in thy presence Bashfulness appears,

And backward Merit loses all its fears :

Supremely blest by heaven, heaven's richest grace,

Confer'd is thine an early blooming race ;

Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian wisdom arm,

Divine instruction ! taught of thee to charm :

What transports shall they to thy soul impart
(The conscious transports of a parent's heart),
When thou behold'st them of each grace possest,
And sighing youth's imploring to be blest :
After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
Or in the visit, or the dance to shine ?
Thrice happy ! who succeed their mother's praise,
The lovely Eglintoun's of other days.

Mean while peruse the following tender scenes,
And listen to thy native poet's strains :
In ancient garb the home-bred muse appears,
The garb our muses wore in former years :
As in a glass reflected, here behold
How smiling goodness look'd in days of old :
Nor blush to read where beauty's praise is shown,
Or virtuous love, the likeness of thy own ;
While 'midst the various gifts that gracious heaven,
To thee, in whom it is well-pleas'd, has given,
Let this, O Eglintoun ! delight thee most,
T' enjoy that Innocence the world has lost.

W. H.

TO JOSIAH BURCHET, Esq.

Secretary of the Admiralty,

WITH THE FIRST SCENE OF THE GENTLE
SHEPHERD.

THE nipping frosts, and driving snaw,
Are o'er the hills and far awa';
Bauld Boreas sleeps, the Zephyrs bla',
And ilka thing
Sae dainty, youthfu', gay, and bra',
Invites to sing.

Then let's begin by creek of day,
Kind muse skiff to the bent away,
To try anes mair the landart lay,
Wi' a' thy speed,
Since Burchet awns that thou can play
Upon the reed.

Anes, anes again beneath some tree
Exert thy skill and nat'ral glee,
To him wha has sae courteously,
To weaker fight,
Set these * rude sonnets sung by me
In truest light.

In truest light may a' that's fine
In his fair character still shine,
Sma' need he has of sangs like mine
To beet his name;
For frae the north to southern line,
Wide gangs his fame.

* To weaker fight, set these, &c.) Having done me the honour of turning some of my pastoral poems into English, justly and elegantly.

His fame, which ever shall abide,
 Whilst hist'ries tell of tyrant's pride,
 Wha vainly strave upon the tide
 T' invade these lands
 Where Britain's royal fleet doth ride,
 Which still commands.

These doughty actions frae his pen †,
 Our age, and these to come, shall ken,
 How stubborn navies did contend
 Upon the waves,
 How free born Britons faught like men,
 Their faes like slaves.

Sae far inscribing, Sir, to you,
 This country sang my fancy flew,
 Keen your just merit to pursue ;
 But ah ! I fear,
 In giving praises that are due,
 I grate your ear †.

Yet tent a poet's zealous pray'r ;
 May powers aboon, wi' kindly care,
 Grant you a lang and muckle skair
 Of a' that's good,
 'Till unto longest life and mair
 You've healthfu' flood.

May never care your blessings sour,
 And may the muses, ilka hour,
 Improve your mind, and haunt your bow'r,
 I'm but a callan:
 Yet may I please you, while I'm your
 Devoted *Allan*.

† Frae his pen,) His valuable naval history.

THE PERSONS.

M E N.

Sir William Worthy.

Patie, *the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.*

Roger, *a rich young shepherd, in love with Jenny.*

Symon, } *two old shepherds, tenants to Sir William.*
Glaud, }

Bauldy, *a hynd engaged with Neps.*

W O M E N.

Peggy, *thought to be Glaud's niece.*

Jenny, *Glaud's only daughter.*

Mause, *an old woman, supposed to be a witch.*

Elspa, *Symon's wife.*

Madge, *Glaud's sister.*

SCENE—A Shepherd's Village and Fields some few
miles from Edinburgh.

Time of Action within twenty-four hours.

First act begins at eight in the morning.

Second act begins at eleven in the forenoon.

Third act begins at four in the afternoon.

Fourth act begins at nine o'clock at night.

Fifth act begins by day light next morning.

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

*Beneath the south-side of a craigy bield,
Where crystal springs the hale some waters yield,
Two youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger grones, till hollow echoes ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.*

Patie and Roger.

SANG I.—*The wawking of the faulds.*

Patie.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.

My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet wiel I like to meet her at
The wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
 Whene'er we meet alane,
 I wish nae mair to lay my care,
 I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.
 My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld:
 But she gars a' my spirits glow
 At wawking of the fauld.
 My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown.
 My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld,
 And naething gies me sic delight
 As wawking of the fauld.
 My Peggy sings fae fastly,
 When on my pipe I play;
 By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest that she sings best.
 My Peggy sings fae fastly,
 And in her sangs are tald,
 Wi' innocence the wale of sense,
 At wawking of the fauld.

THIS funny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
 And puts a' nature in a jovial mood.
 How hartsome is't to see the rising plants,
 To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants;
 How halefome is't to snuff the cauler air,
 And a' the sweets it bears, when void of care!
 What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
 Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

Roger. I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate!
 I'm born to strive wi' hardships sad and great.
 Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan flood,
 Corbies and tods to grien for lambkins blood:
 But I, oppress'd wi' never ending grief,
 Maun ay despair of lighting on relief. (live,

Patie. The bees shall loath the flow'r, and quit the
 The faughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,
 Ere scornfu' queans, or loss of worldly gear,
 Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Roger. Sae might I say; but it's no easy done
 By ane whase faul's sae sadly out of tune.
 You ha'e sae fast a voice, and slid a tongue,
 You are the darling baith of auld and young.
 If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
 They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek,
 And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
 While I'm confus'd wi' mony a vexing thought:
 Yet I am tall and as wiel built as thee,
 Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye,
 For ilka sheep ye ha'e I'll number ten,
 And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Patie. But ablins, nibour, ye ha'e not a heart,
 And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part:
 If that be true, what signifies your gear?
 A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

Roger. My byar tumbled, nine braw nowt werq
 smoor'd,
 Three elf shot were, yet I these ills endur'd:
 In winter last my cares were very sma',
 Tho' scores of wathers perish'd in the snaw.

Patie. Were your bien rooms as thinly stock'd as
 Lefs ye wad lofs, and lefs ye wad repine. (mine,
 He that has juft enough can foundly fleep:
 The o'ercome only fathes fouk to keep.

Roger. May plenty flow upon thee for a crofs,
 That thou may'ft thole the pangs of mony a lofs:
 O may'ft thou doat on fome fair paughty wench,
 That ne'er will lout thy lowan drowth to quench;
 'Till bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool!
 And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

Patie. Sax good fat lambs, I fald them ilka clute
 At the Weft Port, and bought a whinſome flute,
 Of plumb-tree maele, wi' iv'ry virles round;
 A dainty whiffle, wi' a pleafant found;
 I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
 Than you wi' a' your caſh, ye dowie fool!

Roger. Na, *Patie*, na! I'm nae ſic churlifh beaft,
 Some other thing lies heavier at my breaft:
 I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
 That gars my fleſh a' creep yet wi' the fright.

Patie. Now to a friend, how ſilly's this pretence,
 To ane wha you and a' your ſecrets kens;
 Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
 Your well ſeen love, and dorty Jenny's pride:
 Take courage, *Roger*, me your ſorrows tell,
 And ſafely think nane kens them but yourſell.

Roger. Indeed now, *Patie*, ye have gueſs'd o'er true,
 And there is naething I'll keep up frae you.
 Me dorty Jenny looks upon aſquint;
 To ſpeak but till her I dare hardly mint:
 In ilka place ſhe jeers me air and late,
 And gars me look bombaz'd, and unco blate;

But yesterday I met her yont a know,
 She fled as frae a shelly-coated cow,
 She Bauldy looes, Baldy that drives the car,
 But gecks at me, and says I smell o' tar.

Patie. But Bauldy looes not her, right wiel I wat,
 He sighs for Neps;—sae that may stand for that.

Roger. I wish I cou'dna looe her—but in vain,
 I still maun do't, and thole her proud disdain.
 My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
 Even while he fawn'd, she brak the poor dumb tyke;
 If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
 She wad have shawn mair kindness to my beast.
 When I begin to tune my flock and horn,
 Wi' a' her face she shaws a cauldrie scorn,
 Last night I play'd, ye never heard sic spite,
 O'er Bogle was the spring, and her delyte:
 Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speer'd,
 Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.
 Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
 I'll brak my reed and never whistle mair.

Patie. E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck?
 Saebeins she be sic a thrawin-gabbit chuck,
 Yonder's a craig; since ye hae tint all hope,
 Gae till't your ways, and take the lover's lowp.

Roger. I needna mak sic speed my blood to spill,
 I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

Patie. Daft gowk! leave aff that sillywhinging way;
 Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
 Hear how I serv'd my last I love as wiel
 As ye do Jenny, and wi' heart as leel.
 Last morning I was gayan early out,
 Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowring about;

I saw my Meg come linkan o'er the lee ;
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me ;
For yet the fun was wading thro' the mist,
And she was close upon me e'er she wist ;
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straught bare legs that whiter were than snaw.
Her cockernony snooded up fu' sleek,
Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek ;
Her cheeks fae ruddy, and her een fae clear ;
And O ! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green :
Elythsome, I cry'd, My bonny Meg, come here,
I ferly wherefore ye're so soon after ?
But I can gues, ye're gawn to gather dew ;
She scour'd awa', and said, What's that to you ?
Then fare ye wiel, Meg-Dorts, and e'en's ye like,
I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke,
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
She came wi' a right thievlefs errand back :
Misca'd me first——then bade me hound my dog,
To wear up three waff ews stray'd on the bog.
I leugh ; and fae did she ; then wi' great haste
I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist ;
About her yielding waist, and took a south
Of sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
My very faul came lowping to my lips.
Sair, fair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka finack,
But wiel I kend she meant na as she spak.
Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye fae too, and never fast your thumb.

Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood :
Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

SANG II.—Tune, *Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.*

Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And answer kindness wi' a slight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight :
But them despise who're soon defeat,
And wi' a fimple face gi'e way
To a repulse—then be not blate,
Push bauldly on, and win the day.
When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean :
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue ;
But tent the language of their een ;
If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your love wi' hate,
Sæk elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

Roger. Kind Patie, now fair-fa' your honest heart,
Ye'r ay fae cadgy, and ha'e sic an art
To hearten ane : For now, as clean's a leek,
Ye've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.
Sae, for your pains, I'll make ye a propine,
(My mother, rest her faul ! she made it fine) ;
A tartan plaid, spun of good hawtlock woo,
Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue :
Wi' sprains like gowd and filler, cross'd wi' black ;
I never had it yet upon my back.
Wiel are ye wordy o't, wha ha'e fae kind
Red up my ravel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

Patie. Wiel, ha'd ye there—and since ye've frankly
To me a present o' your bra' new plaid, (made
My flute's be yours, and she too that's fae nice,
Shall come a-will, gif ve'il tak my advice.

Roger. As ye advise, I'll promise to oiserv't;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't;
Now tak it out and gie's a bonny spring;
For I'm in tist to hear you play and sing.

Patie. But first we'll tak a turn up to the height,
And see gif a' our flocks be feeding right:
Be that time hannocks, and a shave o' cheese,
Will mak a breakfast that a laird might please;
Might please the dentiest gabs, were they fae wise
To season meet wi' health, instead o' spice.
When we ha'e tane the grace drink at this well,
I'll whistle syne, and sing t' ye like myfell. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.

*A flowrie hown between twa verdant brass,
Whare lasses use to wash and spread their claiiths,
A trotting burnie wimpling thro' the ground,
Its channel peebles, shining smooth and round:
Here view twa barefoot beauties clean and clear;
First please your eye, next gratify your ear;
While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
And Meg, wi' better sense, true love defends.*

Peggy and Jenny.

Jenny.

COME, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
This shining day will bleach our linen clean;
The water clear, the list unclouded blew,
Will mak them like a lily wet wi' dew.

Peggy. Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
 Where a' the sweets of spring and summer grow :
 Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
 The water fa's, and makes a singan din:
 A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
 Kisses with easy whirls the bord'ring grass.
 We'll end our washing, while the morning's cool,
 And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool.
 There wash our tells—'tis healthfu' now in May,
 And sweetly cauler on fae warm a day.

Jenny. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say
 Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae
 And see us fae ? that jeering fallow Pate,
 Wad taunting say, Haith lasses ye're no blate.

Peggy. We're far'frae ony road, and out o' sight ;
 The lads they're feeding far beyont the height ;
 But tell me now, dear Jenny, we're our lane,
 What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain ?
 The neighbours a' tent this as wiel as I,
 That Roger loo's ye, yet ye care na by.
 What ails ye at him ? Troth, between us twa,
 He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jenny. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end,
 A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
 He kames his hair indeed, and gaes right snug.
 Wi' ribbon-knots at his blue bonnet-lug ;
 Whilk pensylie he wears a-thought a-jee,
 And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee.
 He folds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,
 And sew gangs trigger to the kirk or fair ;
 For'a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
 Except, *How d'ye?*—or, *There's a bonny day.*

Peggy. Ye dash the lad wi' constant slighting pride,
 Hatred for love is unco fair to bide:
 But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld,
 What like's a dorty maiden, when she's auld?
 Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
 That for some feckless whim will orp and greet.
 The lave laugh at it till the dinner's past,
 And fyne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or scart anither's leavings at the last.

SANG III.—Tune, *Polwart on the Green.*

The dorty will repent,
 If lover's heart grow cauld,
 And nane her smiles will tent,
 Soon as her face looks auld:
 The dawted bairn thus taks the pet,
 Nor eats tho' hunger crave,
 Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
 And's laught at by the lave.
 They jest it till the dinner's past;
 Thus by itself abus'd,
 The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or eat what they've refus'd.

Fy, Jenny, think, and dinna fit your time.

Jenny. I never thought a single life a crime.

Peggy. Nor I—but love in whispers lets us ken,
 That men were made for us, and we for men.

Jenny. If Roger is my jo, he kens himsell,
 For sic a tale I never heard him tell.
 He glowrs and sighs, and I can guess the cause:
 But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws?

Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
 I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
 They're fools that slav'ry like, and may be free;
 The chiefs may a' knit up themfells for me.

Peggy. Be doing your ways; for me I have a mind
 To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jenny. Heh, lafs! how can ye loo that rattle skull?
 A very de'il, that ay maun ha'e his will.
 We'll soon hear tell what a poor feightan life
 You twa will lead, fae soon's ye're man and wife.

Peggy. I'll rin the risk, nor have I ony fear,
 But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
 Till I wi' pleasure mount my bridal-bed,
 Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.
 There we may kifs as lang as kissing's good,
 And what we do, there's nane dare call it rude.
 He's get his will: Why no? 'tis good my part
 To give him that, and he'll give me his heart.

Jenny. He may indeed for ten or fifteen days
 Mak meikle o' ye, wi' an unco fraise,
 And daut ye baith afore fouk, and your lane;
 But soon as his newfangleness is gane,
 He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
 And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
 Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,
 Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he'il flyte:
 And may be, in his barlichoods, ne'er stick
 To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

SANG IV.—Tune, *O dear mither, what shall I do?*

O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
 We ought not to trust his smiling;

Better far to do as I do,
 Left a harder luck betide you.
 Lasses, when their fancy's carry'd,
 Think of nought but to be marry'd;
 Running to a life destroys
 Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

Peggy. Sic coarfe spun thoughts as thae want pith
 to move

My settl'd mind; I'm o'er far gane in love.
 Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
 But want of him I dread nae other skaith.
 There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
 Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een.
 And then he speaks wi' sic a taking art,
 His words they thirle like music thro' my heart;
 How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,
 And jest at feckleless fears that fright the lave.
 Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
 He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill;
 He is—but what need I say that or this.
 I'd spend a month to tell you what he is!
 In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
 The rest seem coots compar'd wi' my dear Pate.
 His better sense will lang his love secure;
 Ill nature heffs in faults that's weak and poor.

SANG V.—Tune, *How can I be sad on my
 wedding-day?*

How shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
 That has better sense than ony of thae
 Sour weak silly fellows, that study like fools.
 To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools.

The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
 Or wi' dull reproaches encourages strife;
 He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
 Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

Jenny. Hey *Bonny Lass of Branksome*, or't be lang,
 Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
 O 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride;
 Syue whinging getts about your ingle-side,
 Yelping for this or that wi' fasheous din:
 To mak them brats then ye maun toil and spin.
 Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads itsell wi' brue,
 Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe.
 The *De'il gaes o'er fock Wabster*, hame grows hell,
 When Pate milca's ye war than tongue can tell.

Peggy. Yes it's a heartsome thing to be a wife,
 When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rise.
 Gif i'm sae happy, I shall ha'e delight
 To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
 Wow, *Jenny*! can there greater pleasure be
 Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
 When a' they ettle at—their greatest wish,
 Is to be made of, and obtain a kifs?

Can there be toil in tenting day and night
 The like of them when love makes care delight?

Jenny. But poortith, *Peggy*, is the warst of a',
 Gif o'er your heads ill chance should begg'ry draw:
 But little love or canty cheer can come
 Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.
 Your nowt may die—the spate may bear away
 Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay—
 The thick blawn wreaths of snaw, or blasby thows,
 May sinoor your wathers, and may rot your ews;

A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheefe,
 But, or the day of payment, breaks and flees.
 Wi' glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent:
 'Tis no to gie; your merchant's to the bent:
 His honour maunna want; he poins your gear:
 Syne, driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer?
 Dear Meg, be wise, and lead a single life;
 Troth, it's nae mows to be a married wife.

Peggy. May sic ill luck befa' that filly she
 Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
 Let fouk bode wiel, and strive to do their best;
 Nae mair's requir'd; let heaven make out the rest.
 I've heard my honest uncle aften say
 That lads shou'd a' for wives that's virtuous pray;
 For the maist thrifty man could never get
 A wiel stor'd room, unless his wife wad let:
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part
 To gather wealth to raise my Shepherd's heart:
 Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,
 And win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
 For healsome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
 A flock of lambs, cheeie, butter, and some woo,
 Shall first be sald to pay the laird his due:
 Syne a' behind's our ain——thus without fear,
 Wi' love and rowth we thro' the world will steer;
 And when my fate in bairns and gear grows rife,
 He'll blefs the day he gat me for his wife.

Jenny. But what if some young giglet on the green,
 Wi' dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
 Shou'd gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
 And her kend kisses hardly worth a feg?

Peggy. Nae mair of that—Dear Jenny, to be free,
 There's some men constanter in love than we;

Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
 Has blest them wi' solidity of mind :
 They'll reason caumly, and with kindness smile,
 When our short passions wad our peace beguile ;
 Gae, whensoe'er they flight their maiks at hame,
 'Tis ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.
 Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art
 To keep him cheerfu' and secure his heart :
 At ev'n, when he comes weary frae the hill,
 I'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will :
 In winter, when he toils thro' wind and rain,
 A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane ;
 As soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
 The seething pat's be ready to tak aff ;
 Clean hag-abag I'll spread upon his board,
 And serve him wi' the best we can afford :
 Good humour and white bigonets shall be
 Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Fenny. A dish of married love right soon grows
 cauld,
 And dozens down to nane, as fouk grow auld.

Peggy. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
 The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
 Bairns and their bairns mak sure a firmer tye,
 Than aught in love the like of us can spy,
 See yon twa elms that grow up side by side,
 Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride ;
 Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
 'Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd, }
 And in their mixture now are fully blest :
 This shields the other frae the eastlin blast ;
 That in return defends it frae the wast.

Sic as stand fingle (a state fae lik'd by you !)
Beneath ilk storm frae every airth maun bow.

Jenny. I've done—I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield
Your better sense has fairly won the field,
With the assistance of a little fae
Lies dern'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI.—Tune, *Nancy's to the green-wood gane.*

I yield, dear lassie, ye have won,
And there is nae denying,
That, sure as light flows frae the sun,
Frae love proceeds complying;
For a' that we can do or say
'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us,
They ken our bosoms lodge the fae,
That by the heartstrings leads us.

Peggy. Alake, poor pris'ner ! Jenny, that's no fair
That ye'll no let the wee thing tak the air :
Haste, let him out, we'll tent as wiel's we can,
Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

Jenny. Anither time's as good—for see the fun
Is right far up, and we're not yet begun
To freath the graith ; if canker'd Madge, our aunt
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant :
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind ;
For this seems true, nae lafs can be unkind.

(*Exeant.*)

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

*A snug thack house, before the door a green;
Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen.
On this side stands a barn, on that a byre:
A peat stack joins, and forms a rural square.
The house is Glaud's—There you may see him lean,
And to his divot seat invite his frien'.*

Glaud and Symon

Glaud.

GOOD-morrow, nibour Symon—come, sit down,
And gie's your cracks—What's a' the news in
They tell me ye was in the ither day, (town,
And fald your Crummock, and her bassen'd quey.
I'll warrant ye've coft a pund of cat and dry;
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try. (boy.
Symon. Wi' a' my heart—and tent me now, auld
've gather'd news will kittle your heart wi' joy.
cou'dna rest till I came o'er the burn,
To tell ye things ha'e taken sic a turn,
Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flaes,
And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes. (stand
Glaud. Fy blaw!—Ah, Symie! rattling chieks ne'er
To cleck and spread the grossest lies aff-hand,
Whilk soon flies round, like will-fire, far and near:
But loofe your poke, be't true or fause let's hear.
Symon. Seeing's believing, Glaud, and I have seen
fab, that abroad has wi' our master been;
Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,
and left a fair estate to save his head,

Pecause ye ken fu' wiel he bravely chose
 To stand his Liege's friend wi' great Montrose :
 Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; and ane ca'd Monk
 Has play'd the Rump a right flee begunk,
 Rector'd King Charles; and ilka thing's in tune;
 And Habby says, we'll see Sir William soon.

Glaud. That makes me blyth indeed!—but dinna
 Tell o'er your news again! and swear till't a'. (flav
 And saw ye Hab! and what did Halbert say?
 They ha'e been e'en a dreary time away.
 Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame;
 And his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

Symon. They that hag-rid us 'till our guts did
 grane;
 Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again,
 And good Sir William fall enjoy his ain,

SANG VII.—Tune, *Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.*

Cauld be the rebels cast,
 Oppressors base and bloody,
 I hope we'll see them at the last
 Strung a' up in a woody.
 Blest be he of worth and sense,
 And ever high in station,
 That bravely stands in the defence
 Of conscience, king, and nation.

Glaud. And may he lang; for never did he stent
 Us in our thrieving wi' a racket rent;
 Nor grumbled if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise
 Our mailens, when we put on Sunday's claiths.

Symon. Nor wad he lang, wi' fenfeless faucy air,
 Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.
 "Put on your bonnet, Symon—tak a feat—
 How's a' at hame?—How's Elspa—How does Kate?—
 How fells black cattle?—What gies woo this year?"
 And sic like kindly questions wad he speare.

SANG VIII.—Tune, *Mucking of Geordy's byre.*

The laird wha in riches and honour
 Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
 Nor rack his poor tenants wha labour
 To rise aboon poverty:
 Else like the pack-horse that's unfother'd
 And burden'd, will tumble down faint;
 This virtue by hardship is smother'd
 And rackers aft tine their rent.

Glaud. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
 The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean,
 Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,
 As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
 My heart's e'en rais'd!—Dear nibour, will ye stay,
 And tak your dinner here wi' me the day:
 We'll send for Elspa too—and upo' fight,
 I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the height.
 I'll yoke my sled, and send to the niest town,
 And bring a draught of ale, baith stout and brown;
 And gar our cottars a', man, wife, and wean,
 Drink 'till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

Symon. I wadna bauk my friend his blyth design,
 Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine:
 For e'er-yestreen I brew'd a bow of maut,
 Yestreen I slew twa wathers prime and fat;

A furlet of good cakes my Elspa beuk,
 And a large ham hangs reeosting in the nook :
 I saw myfell, or I came o'er the loan,
 Our meikle pat, that scads the whey, put on,
 A mutton book to boil—and aye we'll roast;
 And on the haggies Elspa spares nae coast :
 Sma' are they thorn, and she can mix fu' nice
 The gusty ingans wi' a curn o' spice :
 Fat are the puddings—heads and feet wiel sung :
 And we've invited nibours auld and young,
 To pass this afternoon wi' glee and game,
 And drink our master's health and welcome hame.
 Ye maunna then refuse to join the rest,
 Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best :
 Bring wi' ye a' your family ; and then,
 Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Glaud. Spoke like ye'r fell, auld-birky, never fear,
 But at your banquet I shall first appear :
 Faith, we shall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
 'Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld ;
 Auld, said I !—Troth, I'm younger be a score,
 Wi' your good news, than what I was before :
 I'll dance or e'en! hey, Madge, com forth ; d'ye hear?

Enter Madge.

Madge. The man's gane gyte !—Dear Symon, wel-
 come here—

What wad ye, Glaud, wi' a' this haste and din ?
 Ye never let a body fit to spin.

Glaud. Spin ! snuff !—Gae break your wheel, and
 burn your tow,
 And set the meiklest peat stack in a low ;

Syne dance about the banefire 'till ye die,
Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

Madge. Blyth news indeed!—And wha was't tall
you o't.

Glaud. What's that to you?—Gae get my Sunday's
Wale out the whitest of my bobit bands, (coat;
My whyt-skin hose, and mittans for my hands;
Then frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,
And mak ye'r fells as trig, head, feet, and waist,
As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;
For we're gawn o'er to dine wi' Sym bedeen.

Symen. Do, honest Madge—and, Glaud, I'll o'er
the gate,

And see that a' be done as I wad ha'e't. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*The open field—A cottage in a glen,
An auld wife spinning at the sunny en'.
At a small distance by a blasted tree,
Wi' faulded arms, and haff-rais'd looks, ye see*

Bauldy his lane.

WHAT'S this!—I canna bear't! 'Tis war than
To befae brunt wi' love, yet darna tell! (hell,
O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens or new-mawn hay;
Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knows;
Straughter than aught that in the forest grows.
Her een the clearest blob of dew out-shines;
The lily in her breast its beauty tines:
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!

For Pate looes her,—waes me ! and fle looes Pate ;
And I wi' Neps, by some unlucky fate,
Made a daft vow !—O ! but ane be a beast,
That makes rash aiths 'till he's afore the priest.
I darna speak my mind, else a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy :
'Tis fair to thole—I'll try some witchcraft art,
To break wi' ane and win the other's heart.
Here Maufy lives, a witch, that for sma' price,
Can cast her cantrips, and gi'e me advice :
She can o'ercaft the night, and cloud the moon,
And mak the de'il's obedient to her crune :
At midnight-hours, o'er the kirk-yard she raves,
And howks unchristen'd weans out o' their graves ;
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow :
Runs withershins about the hemlock low,
And seven times does her prayers backwards pray,
'Till Plotcock comes wi' lumps of Lapland clay,
Mixt wi' the venom of black tairs and snakes :
Of this unfonfy pictures aft she makes
Of ony ane she hates—and gars expire
Wi' flaw and racking pains afore a fire ;
Stuck fu' o' prins, the devilish pictures melt ;
The pain by fouk they represent is felt.
And yonder's Maufe ; ay, ay, she kens fu' wiel,
When ane like me comes rinning to the de'il :
She and her cat sit beeking in her yard ;
To speak my errand, faith amais't I'm fear'd :
But I maun do't, tho' I should never thrive ;
They gallop fast that de'il's and lasses drive. (Exit.

SCENE III.

*A green kail-yard; a little fount,
Where water poplin springs:
There sits a wife wi' wrinkl'd front,
And yet she spins and sings.*

SANG IX.—Tune, *Carle, an' the king come.*

Mause.

PEGGY, now the King's come,
Peggy, now the King's come,
Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
Peggy, since the King's come;
Nae mair the haukeys shalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiding-coat for silk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, since the King's come.

Enter Bauldy.

Bau. How does auld honest lucky of the glen!
Ye look baith hale and feir at threelcore ten.

Mause. E'en twining out a thread wi' little din,
And beeking my cauld limbs afore the fin.
What brings by bairn this gate fae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead—to thresh, nae corn?

Bau. Enough of baith—But something that requires
Your helping hand, employs now a' my cares.

Mause. My helping hand! alake! what can I do
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?

Bau. Ay, but you're wife, and wiser far than we,
Or maist part of the parish tells a lie.

Mause. Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm posselt,
That lifts my character aboon the rest?

Bau. The word that gangs, how ye're fae wife and
Ye'll may be tak it ill gif I shou'd tell. (fell,

Mause. What fouk say of me, Bauldy, let me hear;
Keep naething up, ye naething ha'e to fear.

Bau. Wiel, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about you, but a flaw :
When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn ;
When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn ;
When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame ;
When Tibby kirk'd and there nae butter came ;
When Bessy Frettock's chuffy-cheeked wean
To a fairy turn'd, and coudna stand its lane ;
When Wattie wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,
And tint himsell amaisht amang the snaw ;
When Mungo's mare stood still, and swat wi' fright,
When he brought east the Howdy under night ;
When Bawfy shot to dead upon the green ;
And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen ;
You, Lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out ;
And ilka ane here dreads ye round about ;
And fae they may that mean to do ye skaith ;
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith :
But when I neist mak grots, I'll strive to please
You wi' a furlot of them, mixt wi' pease.

Mause. I thank ye, lad—now tell me your demand,
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Bau. Then, I like Peggy—Neps is fond of me—
Peggy likes Pate—and Patie's bauld and flee,
And looes sweet Meg—But Neps I downa see—

}
}

Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and then
Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happiest man.

Maufe. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right,
Sae gang your ways and come again at night;
'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,
Worth a' your pease and groats, tak ye nae care.

Bau. Wiel, Maufe, I'll come, gif I the road can find;
But if ye raise the deil, he'll raise the wind;
Syne, rain, and thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
Will mak the night sae mirk, I'll tine the gate.
We're a' to rant in Symmie's at a feast,
O will ye come like badrans for a jest;
And there ye can our different 'haviours spy;
There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

Maufe. 'Tis like I may—but let na on what's past
'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle cast.

Bau. If I aught of your secrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France.

(Exit Bauldy.)

Maufe her lane.

Hard luck, alake; when poverty and eild,
Weeds out of fashion, and a lanely bield,
Wi' a sma' cast of wiles, should in a twitch,
Gi' ane the hatefu' name, *A wrinkled witch.*
This fool imagines, as do mony sic,
That I'm a wretch in compact wi' Auld Nic,
Because by education I was taught
To speak and act aboon their common thought:
Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear; (here;
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me
Nane kens but me; and if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb.

SCENE IV.

*Behind a tree upon the plain,
 Pate and his Peggy meet,
 In love without a vicious stain,
 The bonny lass and cheerfu' swain
 Change vows and kisses sweet.*

Patie and Peggy.

Peggy.

O PATIE, let me gang, I maunna stay;
 We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny she's away.

Patie. I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,
 And Roger he's away wi' Jenny gane;
 They're as content, for aught I hear or see,
 To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.
 Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
 Hard by this little burnie let us lean:
 Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
 How fast the westlin winds sough thro' the reeds.

Peggy. The scented meadows—birds—and healthy
 breeze,
 For aught I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

Patie. Ye wrang me fair, to doubt my being kind;
 In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull and blind.
 Oif I cou'd fancy aught's sae sweet or fair
 As my dear Meg, or worthy of my care.
 Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,
 Thy cheek and breast the finest flow'rs appear:
 Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes,
 That warble thro' the merle or mavis' throats.
 Wi' thee I tent nae flowers that busk the field,
 Or ripest berries that our mountains yield:

The sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree,
Are far inferior to a kifs of thee.

Peggy. But P'atrick for some wicked end may fleech,
And lambs shou'd tremble when the foxes preach.
I darna stay ;—ye joker, let me gang ;
Anither lafs may gar ye change your sang ;
Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang. }

Patie. Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
And wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap:
The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
The gaits to clim—the sheep to yield the fleece,
Ere ought by me be either said or doon,
Shall skaith our love, I swear by a' aboon.

Peggy. Then keep your aith—But mony lads will
fwear,
And be manfworm to twa in half a year ;
Now I believe ye like me wonder wiel ;
But if a fairer face your heart shou'd steal,
Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate,
How she was dauted anes by faithless Pate.

Patie. I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear,
Tho' we're but young, I've loo'd you mony a year :
I mind it wiel, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
Or lisp out words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
Aft to the tansy know or rashy strand ;
Thou smiling by my side—I took delight
To pou the rashes green, wi' roots sae white,
Of which, as wiel as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and snood.

Peggy. When first thou gade wi' shepherds to the
And I to milk the ewes first try'd my skill, (hill,

To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at ev'n I met wi' thee.

Patie. When corns grew yellow, and the hether-
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells, (bells
Nae birns, or briers, or whins e'er troubl'd me,
Gif I cou'd find blae berries ripe for thee. (stane.

Peggy. When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the
And wan the day, my heart was fighting fain :
At a' these sports thou still gave joy to me ;
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt wi' thee.

Patie. Jenny sings fast the *Broom of Cowdenknows*,
-And Rosie lilt the *Milking of the ewes* ;
There's nane, like Nansy, *Jenny Nettles* sings ;
At turns in *Maggy Lauder*, Marion dings :
But when my Peggy sings, wi' sweeter skill,
The *Boatman*, or the *Lass of Patie's mill*,
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me ;
Tho' they sing wiel, they canna sing like thee.

Peggy. How eith can lassies trow what they desire !
And, roos'd by them we love, blaws up that fire :
But wha loves best, let time and carriage try ;
Be constant, and my love shall time defy.
Be still as now ; and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

*The foregging, with a small variation, was sung at
the aëting as follows.*

SANG X.—Tune, *The yellow hair'd laddie.*

Peggy.

When first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ew-milking first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd wi' thee.

Patie.

When corn rigs wav'd yellow, and blue hether bells
Bloom'd bonny on muirland and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briers, or breckens gae trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

Peggy.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain ;
Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me ;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

Patie.

Our Jenny sings fastly the *Cowden-broom knows*,
And Rosie liltis sweetly the *Milking the ewes* ;
There's few *Jenny Nettles* like Nanfy can sing ;
At *Thro' the wood, laddie*, Bess gars our lugs ring.
But when my dear Peggy sings wi' better skill,
The *Boatman*, *Tweedside*, or the *Lass of the mill*,
'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasing to me ;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

Peggy.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire !
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire :
Gi' me still this pleasure, my study shall be,
To make mysell better and sweeter for thee.

Patie. Wert thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave,
At naught they'll ferly, senseless tales believe,
Be blyth for silly hechts, for trifles grieve—
Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize or yet prove true :
But thou in better sense, without a flaw,
As in thy beauty, far excels them a'.

Continue kind, and a' my cares shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peggy. Agreed;—but hearken, yon's auld aunty's
I ken they'll wonder what can mak us stay. (cry,

Patie. And let them ferly—Now a kindly kifs,
Or five-score good anes wadna be amiss;
And syne we'll sing the sang wi' tunefu' glee,
That I made up last owk on you and me.

Peggy. Sing first, syne claim your hire—

Patie.—————Wiel, I agree.

SANG XI.—*To its ain tune.*

Patie.

By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
And rowing eyes, that smiling tell the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that as wiel as I,
Ye're made for love, and why should ye deny?

Peggy.

But ken ye, lad, gif we confels o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tynes her power,
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sour.

Patie.

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tyne, and sae may ye;
Red-cheeked ye completely ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang half year.

Peggy singing, falls into Patie's arms.

Then dinna pow me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms, for good and a':

But flint your wishes to this kind embrace,
And mint nae farer till we've got the grace.

Patie, with his left hand about her waist.

O charming armfu ! hence ye cares away,
I'll kifs my treasure a' the live lang day ;
A' night I'll dream my kiffes o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Sung by both.

Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise ;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal-day ;
And if your weary'd, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

*Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading line,
And tent a man whase beard seems bleech'd wi' time ;
An elwand fills his hand, his habit mean,
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been.
But whisht ! it is the knight in mascurade,
That comes hid in this cloud to see his lad,
Observe how pleas'd the loyal suff'er moves
Thro' his auld av'nues, ones delightfu' groves.*

Sir William, solus.

THE gentleman, thus hid in low disguise,
I'll for a space, unknown, delight mine eyes
With a full view of ev'ry fertile plain,
Which once I lost--which now are mine again;

Yet 'midst my joy, some prospects pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
Yonder ! ah me, it desolately stands,
Without a roof, the gates fall'n from their bands ;
The casements all broke down, no chimney left,
The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft.
My stables and pavilions, broken walls !
That with each rainy blast decaying falls :
My gardens, once adorn'd the most complete,
With all that nature, all that art makes sweet ;
Where round the figur'd green and pebble walks,
The dewy flow'rs hung nodding on their stalks ;
But overgrow'n with nettles, docks, and brier, -
No Jaccacincths or Eglantines appear.
How do those ample walls to ruin yield,
Where peach and neet'rine branches found a bield,
And bask'd in rays, which early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful to the use :
All round in gaps, the walls in ruin lie,
And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.
These soon shall be repair'd ;—and now my joy
Forbids all grief—when I'm to see my boy,
My only prop, and object of my care,
Since heav'n too soon call'd home his mother fair :
Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
Till we shou'd see what changing times brought forth.
Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn,
After his fleecy charge serenely gay,
With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.

Thrice happy life ! that's from ambition free,
Remov'd from crowns and courts, how cheerfully
A calm contented mortal spends his time
In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime.

Or sung as follows.

SANG XII.—Tune, *Happy Clown*.

Hid from himself, now by the dawn
He starts as fresh as roses blawn,
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
After his bleeting flocks.

Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chants and whistles out the day ;
Untaught to smile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.

Life happy from ambition free,
Envy and vile hypocrisy,
When truth and love with joy agree,
Unfully'd with a crime :

Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
In propping of their pride and state,
He lives and unafraid of fate,
Contented spends his time.

Now tow'rds good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
And see what makes yon gamboling to-day ;
All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
My youthful tenants gaylie dance and sing.

(Exit Sir William.

SCENE II.

'Tis Symon's house, please to step in,
 And vify't round and round ;
 There's nought superfluous to give pain,
 Or costly to be found.
 Yet all is clean ; a clear peat ingle
 Glances amidst the floor :
 The green horn spoons, beach luggies mingle
 On skelfs foregainst the door.
 While the young brood sport on the green,
 The auld anes think it best,
 Wi' the brown cow to clear their een,
 Snuff, crack, and take their rest.

Symon, Glaud, and Elspa.

Glaud.

WE anes were young our fells—I like to see
 The bairns bob round wi' other merrylic :
 Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
 And better looks than his I never bade ;
 Amang our lads he bears the gree awa' :
 And tells his tale the cleverest o' them a'. (baith ;

Elspa. Poor man !—he's a great comfort to us
 God mak him good, and hide him ay frae skaith.
 He is a bairn, I'll say't, wiel worth our care,
 That gae us ne'er vexation late or air.

Glaud. I trow, goodwife, if I be not mista'en,
 He seems to be wi' Peggy's beauty ta'en,
 And troth, my niece is a right dainty wean,
 As ye wiel ken ; a bonnier needna be,
 Nor better—be't she were nae kin to me.

Symon. Ha, Glaud ! I doubt that ne'er will be a
My l'atie's wild, and will be ill to catch ; (match,
And or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mix't wi' the mools mysell.

Glaud. What reasons can ye ha'e ? There's nane,
I'm sure,

Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor ;
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind ;
Fourscore of breeding ews of my ain birn,
Five ky that at ae milking fill a kirn,
I'll gi'e to Peggy that day she's a bride ;
By and attour, if my good luck abide,
Ten lambs, at spaining time, as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

Elspa. Ye offer fair, kind Glaud, but dinna speer
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

Symon. Or this day eight-days likely ye shall learn,
That our denial disna slight his bairn. (bend,

Glaud. We'll nae mair o't ;—come, gi'es the other
We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

(*Their healths gae round.*

Symon. But will ye tell me, Glaud ? By some 'tis
Your niece is but a *fundling*, that was laid (said,
Down at your hallon-side, ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

Glaud. That clattern Madge, my titty, tells sic
Whene'er our Meg her cankart humour gaws. (flaws,

Enter Jenny.

Jenny. O father, there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen ;

He tents our loofs, and syne whops out a book,
Turns o'er the leaves, and gi'es our brows a look :
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard :
His head is gray, and lang and gray his beard.

Symon. Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can
Nane shall gang hungry by my house to-day. (say,
(*Exit Jenny.*)

But for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear,
He kens nae mair o' that than my gray mare.

Glaud. Spae-men ! the truth of a' their saws I doubt,
For greater liars never ran thereout.

*Returns Jenny, bringing in Sir William ; with
them Patie.*

Symon. Ye're welcome, honest carle, here tak a seat.

Sir W. I give thee thanks, good man, I'fe no be-
plate. (ye the day ?

Glaud. (*drinks.*) Come, t'ye, friend—How far came

Sir W. I pledge ye, nibour, e'en but little way ;
Rousted wi' eild, a wee piece gate seems lang,
Twa miles or three's the maist that I dow gang.

Symon. Ye're welcome here to stay a' night wi' me,
And tak sic bed and board as we can gi'e. (*bairn*

Sir W. That's kind unfought.—Wiel, gin ye ha'e a
That ye like wiel, and wad his fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest of my skill
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Symon. (*pointing to Patie.*) Only that lad—alake ! I
have nae mae,
Either to mak me joyfu' now or wae.

Sir W. Young man, let's see your hand, what gars
ye sneer ?

Patie. Because your skill's but little worth I fear.

Sir W. Ye cut before the point ; but, billy, bide,
'll wager there's a mouse-mark on your side.

Elspa. Beteech-us-to ! and wiel I wat that's true ;
Awa, awa, the deil's o'er girt wi' you ;
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
scarce ever seen since he first wore a fark.

Sir W. I'll tell ye mair, if this young lad be spair'd
But a short while, he'll be a bra' rich laird.

Elspa. A laird ! Hear ye, goodman—what think ye
now ?

Symon. I dinna ken ! Strange auld man, what art
thou ?

Fair fa' your heart, 'tis good to bode of wealth ;
Come turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

Patie's health gaes round.

Patie. A laird of twa good whistles and a kent,
Twa curs, my trusty tenants on the bent,
As a' my great estate—and like to be :
Sae cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Symon. Whisht, Patie—let the man look o'er your
hand,

Afymes as broken a ship has come to land.

(Sir William looks a little at Patie's hand, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.)

Elspa. Preserves !—the man's a warlock, or posses
Wi' some nae good, or second-sight at least :
Where is he now ?——

Gland.———He's seeing a' that's done
In alka place beneath or yont the moon.

Elspa. These second-sighted fouks, his peace be here !
See things far aff, and things to come as clear

As I can see my thumb—wow ! can he tell
 (Speer at him soon as he comes to himsell)
 How soon we'll see Sir William ? Whisht, he heaves,
 And speaks out broken words like ane that raves.

Symon. He'll soon grow better—Elspa, haste ye, gae
 And fill up a tafs of usquebae.

Sir William starts up and speaks.

A Knight that for a *Lyon* fought
 Against a herd of bears,
 Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
 In which some thousands shares :
 But now again the *Lyon* rares,
 And joy spreads o'er the plain.
 The *Lyon* has defeat the bears,
 The Knight returns again.
 That knight in a few days shall bring
 A shepherd frae the fauld,
 And shall present him to his King,
 A subject true and bauld :
 He Mr. Patrick shall be call'd—
 All you that hear me now
 May wiel believe what I have tald,
 For it shall happen true.

Symon. Friend, may your spaeing happen soon and
 wiel ;

But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd wi' the de'il,
 To tell some tales that fouk wad secret keep ;
 Or do you get them tald you in your sleep ?

Sir W. Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard,
 Nor come I to read fortunes for reward :

But I'll lay tea to ane wi' ony here,
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

Symon. You prophesying fouks are odd kind men !
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken
The wimpl'd meaning of your unco tale,
Whilk soon will mak a noise o'er muir and dale.

Glaud. 'Tis nae sma' sport to hear how Sym be-
lieves,
And taks't for gospel what the spaeman gives
Of fawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Fate :
But what we wish we trow at ony rate.

Sir W. Whisht ! doubtfu' carle ; for e'er the sun
Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said, ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Glaud. Wiel, be't sae, friend ; I shall say naething
mair ;

But I've twa sonfy lasses, young and fair,
Plump, ripe for men : I wish ye cou'd foresee
Sic fortunes for them, might bring joy to me.

Sir W. Nae mair thro' secrets can I lift,

Till darkness black the bent ;

I have but anes a day that gift,

Sae rest a while content. (meat,

Symon. Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch butt some
And of your best gar this auld stranger eat.

Sir W. Delay a while your hospitable care ;
I'd rather enjoy this evening calm and fair
Around yon ruin'd tower, to fetch a walk
With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

Symon. Soon as you please I'll answer your desire—
And, Glaud, you'll tak your pipe beside the fire ;—



We'll but gae round the place, and soon be back,
 Syne sup together, and tak our pint and crack.

Glaud. I'll out a while, and see the young anes
 play;

My heart's still light, albeit my locks be gray.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.

*Jenny pretends an errand hame,
 Young Roger draps the rest,
 To whisper out his melting flame,
 And thow his lassie's breast.*

*Behind a bush, wiel hid frae sight, they meet;
 See, Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to greet.*

Poor Shepherd!

Roger and Jenny.

Roger.

DEAR Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let,
 And yet I ergh ye're ay sae scornfu' fet.

Jenny. And what wad Roger say, if he cou'd speak?
 Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek?

Roger. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I grein,
 Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een:
 And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn,
 Ye're never frae my thoughts, baith even and morn.
 Ah! cou'd I loo'e ye less, I'd happy be,
 But happier far! cou'd ye but fancy me.

Jenny. And wha kens, honest lad, but that I may?
 Ye canna say that e'er I said ye nay.

Roger. Alake! my frightened heart begins to fail,
 Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,



CATTLE SHEPHERD



Tattle

*Sir with paternal love survey her charms
And blame me not for rushing to her arms*

Act 3.

Sc. 3

For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has win your love, and near your heart may lie.

Jenny. I loo my father, coufin Meg I love ;
But to this day nae man my heart cou'd move :
Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me ;
And frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

Roger. How lang, dear Jenny ?—sayna that again,
What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain ?
I'm glad however that ye yet stand free ;
Wha kens but ye may rue, and pity me ?

Jenny. Ye ha'e my pity else, to see you set
On that whilk makes our sweetness soon forget :
Wow ! but we're bonny, good, and every thing !
How sweet we breathe whene'er we kiss or sing !
But we're nae sooner fools to gi'e consent,
Than we our daffin, and tint power repent :
When prison'd in four wa's, a wife right tame,
Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

Roger. That only happens, when, for sake o' gear,
Ane wales a wife as he wad buy a mare :
Or when dull parents bairns together bind
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind :
But love, true downright love, engages me,
(Tho' thou should scorn) still to delight in thee.

Jenny. What sugar'd words frae wooerslips can sa' !
But girning marriage comes and ends them a' .
I've seen wi' shining fair the morning rise,
And soon the fleetly clouds mirk a' the skies ;
I've seen the silver spring a while rin clear,
And soon in mossy puddles disappear ;
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile ;
But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Roger. I've seen the morning rise wi' fairest light,
The day, unclouded, sink in calmest night :
I've seen the spring rin wimpling thro' the plain,
Increase and join the ocean, without stain :
The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile ;
Rejoice thro' life, and a' your fears beguile.

Jenny. Were I but sure ye lang wou'd love main-
The fewest words my easy heart could gain : (tain,
For I maun own, since now at last you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company :
And ever had a warmness in my breast,
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

Roger. I'm happy now ! o'er happy ! had my head !
This gush of pleasure's like to be my dead.
Come to my arms ! or strike me ! I'm a' fir'd
Wi' wond'ring love ! let's kifs till we be tir'd.
Kifs, kifs ! we'll kifs the sun and starns away,
And ferly at the quick return of day.
O Jenny ! let my arms about thee twine,
And brise thy bonny breasts and lips to mine.

Which may be sung as follows.

SANG XIII.—Tune, *Leith Wynd.*

Jenny.

Were I assur'd you'll constant prove,
You should nae mair complain ;
The easy maid beset wi' love,
Few words will quickly gain :
For I must own, now, since you're free,
This too fond heart of mine
Has lang, a black sole true to thee,
Wish'd to be pair'd wi' thine.

Roger.

I'm happy now, ah ! let my head
 Upon thy breast recline !
 The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead,
 Is Jenny then sae kind ?——
 O let me brise thee to my heart !
 And round my arms entwine :
 Delytsu' thought, we'll never part !
 Come, pres thy lips to mine.

Jenny. Wi' equal joy my faster heart does yield,
 To own thy wiel-try'd love has won the field.
 Now by these warmest kisses thou hast tane,
 Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.

Roger. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come
 Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb,
 There shall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
 If you agree wi' me to lead your life.

Jenny. Wiel, I agree—nieft to my parent gae,
 Get his consent—he'll hardly say ye nae ;
 Ye ha'e what will commend ye to him wiel,
 Auld fouk like them that want na milk and meal.

SANG XIV.—Tune, *O'er Bogie.*

Wiel, I agree, you're sure of me,
 Next to my father gae ;
 Make him content to gi'e consent,
 He'll hardly sae you nae :
 For ye ha'e what he wad be at,
 And will commend you wiel,
 Since parents auld think love grows cauld
 Where bairns want milk and meal.

Should he deny, I care na by,
 He'd contradict in vain;
 Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
 But thee I will ha'e nane.
 Then never range, nor learn to change,
 Like these in high degree;
 And if you prove faithfu' in love,
 You'll find nae fault in me.

Roge. My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt,
 As mony newcal in my byers rowt;
 Five pack of woo I can at Lammas sell,
 Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell.
 Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,
 Wi' meikle care, my thrifty mither made:
 Ilk thing that makes a heartsome house and tight
 Was still her care, my father's great delight.
 They left me a', which now gie's joy to me,
 Because I can gi'e a', my dear, to thee:
 And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
 Nane but my Jenny shou'd the famen skair:
 My love and a' is yours; now had them fast,
 And guide them as ye like to gar them last.

• *Jenny.* I'll do my best; but see wha comes this way
 Patie and Meg—besides, I maunna stay;
 Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn;
 If we be seen, we'll dree a deal of scorn. (pool,

Roger. To where the saugh-tree shades the menin
 I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool:
 Keep tryft and meet me there; there let us meet,
 To kifs and tell our loves; there's nought sae sweet.

SCENE IV.

*This scene presents the Knight and Sym,
 Within a gallery of the place,
 Where a' looks ruinous and grim;
 Nor has the Baron shown his face,
 But joking wi' his shepherd leel,
 Aft speers the gate he kens fu' weel.*

Sir William and Symon.

Sir William.

TO whom belongs this house so much decay'd?
Symon. To ane wha lost it lending gen'rous aid,
 To bear the Head up when rebellious Tail
 Against the laws of nature did prevail.
 Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
 Whilk fills us a' wi' joy, now he's come hame.

*(Sir William draps his masking beard;
 Symon transported sees
 The welcome knight, wi' fond regard,
 And grasps him round the knees.)*

My master! my dear master!—do I breath
 To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith!
 Return'd to cheer his wishing tenants fight!
 To blis his Son, my charge, the world's delight.

Sir W. Rise, faithful Symon, in my arms enjoy
 A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy:
 I came to view thy care in this disguise,
 And am coufirm'd thy conduct has been wise;

Since still the secret thou'ft securely feal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

Symon. The due obedience to your ftrict command
Was the firft lock——neift my ain judgment fand
Out reasons plenty——fince, without eftate, (blate:
A youth, though fprung frae kings, looks baugh and

Sir W. And aften vain and idly fpend their time,
Till grown unfit for action, paft their prime,
Hang on their friends—which gi'es their faults a caft,
That turns them downright beggars at the laft.

Symon. Now, wiel I wat, Sir, you ha'e fspoken true
For there's laird Kytie's fon, that's loo'd by fe w:
His father ftegt his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name.
He gangs about fornan frae place to place,
As fcript of manners as of fenfe and grace,
Oppreffing a' as punifhment o' their fin
That are within his tenth degree of kin:
Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's fae unjust
To his ain family as to gi'e him trust.

Sir W. Such ufelefs branches of a common-wealth,
Shou'd be lop'd off to gi'e a ftate mair health:
Unworthy bare reflektion——*Symon*, run
O'er a' your obfervations on my fon;
A parent's fondnefs eafily finds excufe,
But do not wi' indulgence truth abufe.

Symon. To fpeak his praife, the langeft fimmer day
Wad be o'er fhort——cou'd I them right difplay.
In word and deed he can fae wiel behave,
That out of fight he runs before the lave:
And when there's e'er a quarrel or conteft,
Patrick's made judge, to tell whafe caufe is beft;

And his decree stands good—he'll gar it stand ;
 Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting hand ;
 Wi' a firm look, and a commanding way,
 He gars the proudest of our herds obey.

Sir W. Your tale much pleases—my good friend
 proceed :

What learning has he ? Can he write and read ?

Symon. Baith wonder wiel ; for troth I didna spare
 To gi'e him at the school enough of lair ;
 And he delights in books—He reads and speaks,
 Wi' fouks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

Sir W. Where gets he books to read—and of what
 kind ?

Tho' some gi'e light, some blindly lead the blind.

Symon. Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh
 port,

He buys some books of history, fangs, or sport :

Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,

And carries ay a pouchfu' to the hill.

About ane Shakespear and a famous Ben

He aften speaks and ca's them best of men :

How sweetly Hawthornden and Stirling sing,

And ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,

He kens fu' wiel, and gars their verses ring.

I sometimes thought he made o'er great a phrase

About fine poems, histories, and plays

When I reprov'd him anes,—a book he brings,

Wi' this, quoth he, on braes I crack wi' kings. (ear,

Sir W. He answer'd wiel ; and much ye glad my

When such accounts I of my shepherd hear ;

Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind

Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

Symon. What ken we better, that fae findle look,
 Except on rainy Sundays, on a book?
 When we a leaf or twa haf read, haf spell,
 'Till a' the rest sleep round as wiel's ourfell.

Sir W. Wiel jested, Symon; but one question more
 I'll only ask ye now, and then gi'e o'er.
 The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
 Flighter around young hearts like cooing doves:
 Has nae young lassie wi' inviting mien
 And rosy cheek, the wonder of the green,
 Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart?

Symon. I fear'd the warst, but kend the sma'est part,
 'Till late I saw him twa three times mair sweet
 Wi' Gland's fair niece than I thought right or meet.
 I had my fears; but now ha'e nought to fear,
 Since like yourfell your son will soon appear;
 A gentleman enrich'd wi' a' these charms,
 May blifs the fairest best-born lady's arms.

Sir W. This night must end his unambitious fire,
 When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
 Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me;
 None but yourfell shall our first meeting see.
 Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand;
 They come just at the time I gave command:
 Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress,
 Now ye the secret may to all confess.

Symon. Wi' how much joy I on this errand flee,
 There's nane can know that is not downright me.

(Exit Symon.)

Sir William, solus.

Whene'er th' event of hope's success appears,
 One happy hour cancels the toil of years:



A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
 And cares evanish like a morning dream ;
 When with'd for pleasures rise like morning light,
 The pain that's past enhances the delight.
 These joys I feel that words can ill express,
 I ne'er had known without my late distress.
 But from his rustic business and love
 I must, in haste, my Patrick soon remove,
 To courts and camps that may his soul improve.
 Like the rough diamond as it leaves the mine,
 Only in little breakings shews its light,
 'Till artful polishing has made it shine ;
 Thus education makes the genius bright.

Or sung as follows.

SANG XV.—Tune, *Wat ye wha I met yestreen.*

Now from rusticity and love,
 Whose flames but over lowly burn,
 My gentle shepherd must be drove,
 His soul must take another turn:
 As the rough diamond from the mine,
 In breakings only shews its light,
 'Till polishing has made it shine,
 Thus learning makes the genius bright.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

*The scene describ'd in former page,
Glaud's onset—Enter Maufe and Madge.*

Mause.

OUR laird come hame ! and owns young Pate his
That's news indeed !—— (heir !

Madge. ———As true as ye stand there.
As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard
Five nives in length, and white as driven sna',
Amang us came, cry'd, *Had ye merry a'.*
We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
While frae his poutch he whirled forth a book:
As we stood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een ;
Then pawkylie pretended he cou'd spae,
Yet for his pains and skill wad naithing hae.

Mause. Then sure the lasses, and ilk gaping coof,
Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.

Madge. As fast as fleas skip to the tate of woo,
Whilk flee tod Lowrie hads without his mow,
When he to drown them, and his hips to cool,
In summer-days slides backward in a pool.
In short he did for Pate bra' things foretell,
Without the help of conjuring or spell ;
At last, when wiel diverted, he withdrew,
Pou'd aff his beard to Symon : Symon knew
His welcome master ;—round his knees he gat
Hang at his coat, and fyne for blythness grat.

Patrick was sent for—happy lad was he !
 Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.
 Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon :
 And troth 'tis e'en right odd, when a' is done,
 To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
 Na, no sae meikle as to Pate himsell.
 Oor Meg, poor thing, alake ! has lost her jo.

Mause. It may be sae, wha kens, and may be no :
 To lift a love that's rooted is great pain ;
 Ev'n kings hae tane a queen out of the plain ;
 And what has been before may be again. }

Madge. Sic nonsense ! love tak root, but tocher,
 good,
 'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood !
 Sic fashions in King Bruce's days might be ;
 But siccau ferlies now we never see.

Mause. Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may
 gain :
 Yonder he comes, and wow ! but he looks fain ;
 Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain. }

Madge. He get her ! flaverin doof ; it sets him wiel
 To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to teil ?
 Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master see—

Mause. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he ;
 And so wad I. But whisht ! here Bauldy comes.

Enter Bauldy singing.

Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell ;
 Ye're a bonny lad and I'm a lassie free ;
 Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.
 I trow sae.—Lassies will come to at last,
 Tho' for a while they maun their swa'-ba's cast.

Mause. Wiel, Bauldy, how gaes a' ?—

Bau. ————Faith, unco right:

I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night.

Madge. And wha's th' unlucky ane, if we may ask

Bau. To find out that is nae difficult task:

Poor bonny Peggy, wha mann think nae mair

On Pate turn'd Patrick and Sir William's heir.

Now, now, good Madge, and honest Maufe, stand be;

While Meg's in dumps put in a word for me:

I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove,

Less wilfu' and ay constant in my love,

Madge. As Neps can witness and the bushy thorn,

Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn.

Fy, Bauldy, blush, and vows of love regard;

What other lafs will trow a mansworn herd:

The curse of heaven hings ay aboon their heads,

That's ever guilty of sic sinfu' deeds.

I'll ne'er advise my niece fae gray a gate;

Nor will she be advis'd fu' wiel I wat.

Bau. Sae gray a gate! mansworn! and a' the rest:

Ye lied auld roudes,—and in faith had best

Eat in your words, else I shall gar you stand,

Wi' a het face, afore the haly band. (brock;

Madge. Ye'll gar me stand! ye shevelling-gabbit

Speak that again, and trembling dread my rock,

And ten sharp nails, that when my hands are in,

Can flyp the skin o' ye'r cheeks out o'er your chin.

Bau. I tak ye witness, Maufe, ye heard her say

That I'm mansworn—I winna let it gae.

Madge. Ye're witness too, he ca'd me bonny names,

And shou'd be serv'd as his good breeding claims;

Ye filthy dog!

(Flees to his hair like a fury—a stout battle—

Maufe endeavours to redd them.

Mause. Let gang your grips; fy, Madge! howt,
Bauldy, leen;

I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen,

'Tis fae daft like——

*(Bauldy get's out of Madge's clutches with a
bleeding nose.)*

Madge. ——'Tis dafter like to thole
An ether-cap like him to blaw the coal.
It sets him wiel, wi' vile unscrapit tongue,
To cast up whether I be auld or young;
They're aulder yet than I ha'e married been,
And, or they died, their bairns's bairns ha'e seen.

Mause. That's true; and, Bauldy, ye was far to
blame,

To ca' Madge ought but her ain christen'd name.

Bau. My lugs, my nose, and noddle find the
fame.

Madge. Auld roudes! filthly fallow, I shall auld ye,

Mause. Howt, no;—ye'il e'en be friends wi' honest
Bauldy.

Come, come, shake hands; this maun nae farder gae,
Ye maun forgi'e 'm; I see the lad looks wae.

Bau. In troth now, Mause, I ha'e at Madge nae
For she abusing first was a' the wyte (spite;
Of what has happen'd, and shou'd therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have. (greet,

Madge. I crave your pardon! Gallows face, gae
And own your faut to her that ye wad cheat;
Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,
Till ye learn to perform as wiel as swear.

Vow and lowp back!—was e'er the like heard tell?
Swiith tak him de'il, he's o'er lang out of hell.

Bau. (running off.) His presence be about us !—Curst
were he
That were condemn'd for life to live wi' thee.

Exit Bauldy.

Madge (laughing.) I think I have towzled his harrigals a wee ;
He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.
He's but a rascal, that would mint to serve
A lassie fae, he does but ill deserve.

Mause. Ye towin'd him tightly—I commend ye
for't ;
His bleeding snoot ga'e me nae little sport :
For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,
And breeding baith—to tell me to my face,
He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna stand
To lend him in this case my helping hand.

Madge. A witch ! how had ye patience this to bear,
And leave him een to see, or, lugs to hear.

Mause. Auld wither'd hands and feeble joints like
mine,
Obliges fouk repentment to decline,
'Till aft 'tis seen, when vigour fails, then we
Wi' cunning can the lack of pith supply :
Thus I pat aff revenge 'till it was dark,
Syne bade him come, and we should gang to wark :
I'm sure he'll keep his tryft ; and I came here
To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Madge. And special sport we'll ha'e as I protest :
Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghaist.
A linen sheet wound round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my head :
We'll fleg him fae he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring to do a lassie wrang.

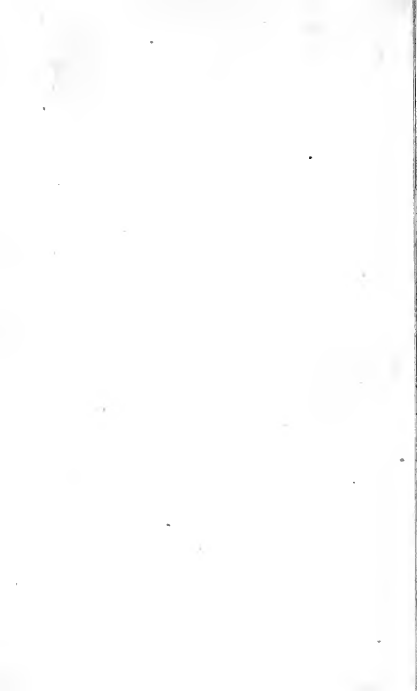
GENTLE SHEPHERD



Bauldy
*His presence be about us: oursel were he
That were condemn'd for life to live wi' thee.*

Act IV.

Sc. I.



Mause. Then let us gae; for fee, 'tis hard on night,
The westlin clouds shine wi' red setting light.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE II.

*When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
And the green swaird grows damp wi' falling dew,
While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
Walks thro' the broom wi' Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak farewiel.*

Patie and Roger.

Roger.

WOW! but I'm cadgie, and my heart lowps light:
O, Mr. Patrick, ay your thoughts were right;
Sure gentle fouks are farer seen than we,
That naething ha'e to brag of pedigree.
My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding—sweet—and nae mair scorn:
I spak my mind—she heard—I spak again—
She smil'd—I kifs'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

Patie. I'm glad to hear't—But O! my change this
day

Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.
I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.
Wi' looks a' kindness, words that love confess,
He a' the father to my soul express,
While close he held me to his manly breast.
Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth
Of thy lov'd mother, blessing of my youth!

Who set too soon !—And while he praise bestow'd,
 Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
 My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
 Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail:
 That speechless lang, my late kend fire I view'd,
 While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd:
 Unusual transports made my head turn round,
 Whilst I mysell wi' rising raptures found,
 The happy son of ane sae much renown'd.
 But he has heard—Too faithful Symon's fear!
 Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear,
 Which he forbids ;—ah ! this confounds my peace,
 While thus to beat my heart shall sooner cease.

Roger. How to advise ye, troth I'm at a stand:
 But wer't my case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

Patie. Duty, and hasten reason plead his cause;
 But love rebels against all bounding laws;
 Still in my heart my shepherdess excels,
 And part of my new happiness repels.

Or sung as follows.

SANG XVI.—Tune, *Kirk wad let me be.*

Duty and part of reason,
 Plead strong on the parent's side,
 Which love so superior calls treason,
 The strongest must be obey'd ;
 For now, tho' I'm ane of the gentry,
 My constancy falsehood repels ;
 For change in my heart has no entry,
 Still there my dear Peggy excels.

Roger. Enjoy them baith.—Sir William will be won:
Your Peggy's bonny—you're his only son.

Patie. She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love,
And frae these bands nae change my mind shall move.
I'll wed nane else, thro' life I will be true,
But still obedience is a parent's due.

Roger. Is not our Master and yourself to stay
Amang us here—or are ye gawn away
To London court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us wi' broken hearts?

Patie. To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we ad-
vance,
To London neist, and afterwards to France,
Where I must stay some years, and learn to dance,
And twa three other monkey tricks:—That done,
I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon.
Then 'tis design'd, when I can wiel behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
For some few bags of cash, that, I wat wiel,
I nae mair need than carts do a third wheel:
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear sic news shall hear my death.

Roger. *They wha ha'e just enough can soundly sleep,
The o'ercome only fashes fouk to keep—*
Good master Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

Patie. What was my morning thought, at
night's the same;
The poor and rich but differ in the name.
Content's the greatest bliss we can procure
Frae 'boon the list—without it kings are poor.

Roger. But an estate like your's yields bra' content,
When we but pick it scantily on the bent:

Fine claiths, fast beds, sweet houses, sparkling wine,
 Rich fare, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine,
 Submissive servants, honour, wealth, and ease,
 Wha's ne content wi' these are ill to please.

Patie. Sae Roger thinks and thinks na far amiss,
 But mony a cloud hings hovering o'er their bliss:
 The passions rule the roast—and if they're sour,
 Like the lean ky will soon the fat devour:
 The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
 Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side.
 'The gouts and gravels, and the ill disease,
 Are frequentest wi' fouk o'erlaid wi' ease;
 While o'er the muir the shepherd, wi' less care,
 Enjoys his sober wish, and hale some air.

Roger. Lord, man! I wonder ay, and it delights
 My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights;
 How gat ye a' that sense, I fain wad lear,
 That I may easier disappointments bear?

Patie. Frae books, the wale o' books, I gat some
 skill,
 These best can teach what's real good and ill:
 Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of cheese,
 To gain these silent friends that ever please.

Roger. I'll do't, and ye shall tell me whilk to buy:
 Faith I'll ha'e books tho' I shou'd sell my ky:
 But now let's hear how you're design'd to move
 Between Sir William's will and Peggy's love.

Patie. Then here it lies—his will maun be obey'd,
 My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride;
 But I some time this last design maun hide.
 Keep you the secret close, and leave me here;
 I sent for Peggy, yonder comes my dear.

Roger. Pleas'd that ye trust me wi' the secret, I,
To wyle it frae me, a' the deil's defy. (*Exit Roger.*)

Patie. (solus.) Wi' what a struggle must I now im-
My father's will to her that hads my heart; (part
I ken she loves, and her fast soul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated brink
Of disappointment—Heav'n support my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care:
Her eyes are red——

Enter Peggy.

——My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peggy. I dare not think sae high—I now repine.
At the unhappy chance, that made not me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
Wha can withouten pain see frae the coast
The ship that bears his all like to be lost?
Like to be carried by some rover's hand,
Far frae his wishes to some distant land.

Patie. Ne'er quarrel fate, while it wi' me remains
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own;
But love's superior to a parent's frown;
I falsehood hate; come kiss thy cares away;
I ken to love as wiel as to obey.
Sir William's generous; leave the task to me
To make strict duty and true love agree.

Peggy. Speak on! speak ever thus, and still my
But short I dare to hope the fond relief. (grief
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
'That wi' nice airs swims round in silk attire;

Then I!—poor me!—wi' sighs may ban my fate,
 When the young laird's nae mair my handsome Pate;
 Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,
 By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest:
 Nae mair be envied by the tattling gang
 When Patie kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang;
 Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play,
 And rin haf breathless round the rucks of hay,
 As aft times I ha'e fled frae thee right fain,
 And fawn on purpose that I might be tane:
 Nae mair around the foggy know I'll creep,
 To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.
 But hear my vow—'twill help to gi'e me ease;
 May sudden death or deadly fair disease,
 And warst of ills attend my wretched life,
 If e'er to ane but you I be a wife!

Or sung as follows.

SANG XVII.—Tune, *Wae's my heart that we
 should sunder.*

Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief,
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under
 These fears, that soon will want relief,
 When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.
 A gentler face and silk attire,
 A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
 Alake, poor me! will now conspire,
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.
 No more the shepherd who excell'd
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,

Shall now his Peggy's praises tell ;
 Ah ! I can die, but never funder.
 Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
 Ye bauks where we were wont to wander ;
 Sweet scented rucks round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're afunder.
 Again, ah ! shall I never creep
 Around the know with silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty ?
 Hear, heav'n, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou shouldst prove a wand'ring lover,
 Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a wife to any other.

Patie. Sure heav'n approves—and be assur'd of me,
 I'll ne'er gang back o' what I've sworn to thee :
 And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,
 And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle,
 Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
 If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
 I'd hate my rising fortune, should it move
 The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.
 If at my feet were crowns and scepters laid,
 To bribe my soul frae thee, delightfu' maid,
 For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things
 To sic as ha'e the patience to be kings.
 Wherefore that tear ? believe, and calm thy mind.

Peggy. I greet for joy to hear thy words sae kind :
 When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair
 Made me think life was little worth my care :

My heart was like to burst; but now I see
 Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy love for me; !
 Wi' patience then I'll wait each wheeling year,
 Hope time away, till thou wi' joy appear;
 And a' the while I'll study gentler charms
 To mak me fitter for my trav'ler's arms:
 I'll gain on uncle Gland—he's far frae fool,
 And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk school,
 Where I may manners learn——

SANG XVIII.—Tune, *Tweed-side.*

When hope was quite sunk in despair,
 My heart it was going to break;
 My life appear'd worthlefs my care,
 But now I will sav't for thy sake.
 Where'er my love travels by day,
 Wherever he lodges by night,
 Wi' me his dear image shall stay,
 And my soul keep him ever in sight.
 Wi' patience I'll wait the lang year,
 And study the gentlest charms;
 Hope time away till thou appear,
 To lock thee for ay in these arms.
 Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher degree in this life;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a height that's becoming thy wife.
 For beauty that's only skin deep,
 Must fade like the gowans in May,
 But inwardly rooted, will keep
 For ever, without a decay.

Nor age, nor the changes of life,
 Can quench the fair fire of love,
 If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
 And the husband ha'e sense to approve.

Patie. ————— That's wisely said,
 And what he wares that way shall be well paid.
 Tho' without a' the little helps of art,
 Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart ;
 Yet now, left in our station we offend,
 We must learn modes to innocence unkend ;
 Affect a'times to like the thing we hate,
 And drap serenity to keep up state ; (say,
 Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to
 And, for the fashion, when we're blyth seem wae ;
 Pay compliments to them we a't ha'e scorn'd,
 Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

Peggy. If this is gentry, I had rather be
 What I am still—but I'll be ought wi' thee.

Patie. Na, na, my Peggy, I but only jest
 Wi' gentry's apes ; for still amangst the best,
 Good manners gi'e integrity a bleeze,
 When native virtues join the arts to please.

Peggy. Since wi' nae hazard, and sae sma' expence,
 My lad frae books can gather siccan sense,
 Then why, ah ! why shou'd the tempestuous sea
 Endanger thy dear life and frighten me ?
 Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,
 For watna what's, sae great a risque to run.

Patie. There is nae doubt but travelling does im-
 Yet I would shun it for thy sake, my love : (prove ;
 But soon as I've shook aff my landwart cast
 In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peggy. Wi' ev'ry setting day, and rising morn,
 I'll kneel to heav'n, and ask thy safe return,
 Under that tree, and on the suckler brae,
 Where aft we wont, when bairns, to rin and play;
 And to the hiffel-shaw, where first ye vow'd
 Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
 I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flow'rs,
 Wi' joy, that they'll bear witness I am your's.

Or sung as follows.

SANG XIX.—Tune, *Bush aboon Traquair.*

At setting day and rising morn,
 Wi' soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of heav'n thy safe return,
 Wi' a' that can improve thee.
 I'll visit aft the birken bush,
 Where first thou kindly tald me
 Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
 Whilst round thou didst enfold me.
 To a' our haunts I will repair,
 By greenwood shaw or fountain;
 Or where the simmer day I'd share
 Wi' thee upon yon mountain.
 There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
 By vows you're mine, by love is your's,
 A heart which cannot wander.

Patie. My dear, allow me frae thy temples fair
 A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair,
 Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
 I'll aften kiss, and wear about my arm.

Peggy. Wer't in my pow'r wi' better boons to
 I'd gi'e the best I cou'd wi' the same ease; (please,
 Nor wad I, if thy luck had fall'n to me,
 Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

Patie. I doubt it not; but since we've little time,
 To ware't on words wad border on a crime,
 Love's faster meaning better is exprest,
 When it's wi' kisses on the heart imprest. (*Exeunt.*

A C T V.

SCENE 1.

*See how poor Bauldy stares like one possess'd,
 And roars up Symon frae his hindly rest;
 Bare-legg'd, wi' night cap, and unbutton'd coat,
 See the auld man comes forward to the sot.*

Symon.

WHAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,
 While drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath its pow'r?
 Far to the north the scant approaching light
 Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
 What gars ye shake, and glowr, and look fae wan?
 Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stan'.

Bauldy. O len me soon some water, milk, or ale,
 My head's grown giddy—legs wi' shaking fail;
 I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane;
 Alake! I'll never be myfell again.

I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon! O Symon! O!

(*Symon gives him a drink.*

Symon. What ails thee, gowk! to make so loud ado?
You've wak'd Sir William, he has left his bed;
He comes, I fear, ill-pleas'd; I hear his tread.

Enter Sir William.

Sir W. How goes the night? does day-light yet appear?

Symon, you're very timeously after.

Symon. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest,

But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit oppress'd,
He's seen some witch, or wrestled wi' a ghaist. }

Bauldy. O ay,—dear Sir, in troth 'tis very true,
And I am come to mak my plaint to you.

Sir W. (smiling). I lang to hear't——

Bauldy. ——Ah! Sir, the witch ca'd Maufe,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me wi' her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart:
As she had tryfted, I met wi'er this night,
But may nae friend of mine get sic a fright!
For the curst hag, instead of doing me good,
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!)
Rais'd up a ghaist or de'il, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corse in sheet as white as milk;
Black hands it had, and face as wan as death,
Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith,
And gat me down; while I, like a great fool,
Was labour'd as I wou'd to be at school.
My heart out of its hool was like to loup,
I pithless grew wi' fear and had nae hope,
Till, wi' an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite;
Syne I, haf dead wi' anger, fear, and spite,

Crap up, and fled straught frae them, Sir, to you,
 Hoping your help to gi'e the de'il his due.
 I'm fure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
 Till in a fat tar-barrel Maufe be brunt. (be;

Sir W. Wiel, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted
 Let Maufe be brought this morning down to me.

Bauldy. Thanks to your Honour soon shall I obey;
 But first I'll Roger raise, and twa-three mae,
 To catch her fast ere she get leave to squeel,
 And cast her cantrips that bring up the de'il. (Exit.

Sir W. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than
 hurt, (sport.
 The witch and ghaist have made themselves good
 What silly notions croud the clouded mind,
 That is thro' want of education blind! (thing,

Symon. But does your Honour think there's nae sic
 As witches rising de'ils up thro' a ring,
 Syne playing tricks, a thousand I cou'd tell,
 Cou'd never be contriv'd on this side hell.

Sir W. Such as the devil's dancing in a muir,
 Amongst a few old women, craz'd and poor,
 Who were rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp
 O'er braes and bogs, wi' candles in his doup,
 Appearing sometimes like a black horn'd cow,
 Aft times like bawty, badrans, or a sow;
 Then wi' his train thro' airy paths to glide,
 While they on cats, or clowns, or broomstaf's ride,
 Or in an egg shell skim out o'er the main,
 To drink their leader's health in France or Spain;
 Then aft by night bombaze hare-hearted fools,
 By tumbling down their cupboards, chairs, and stools.
 Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
 Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Symon. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a
 Had either meikle fense, or yet was rich; (witch,
 But Maufe, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
 And lives a quiet and very honest life.
 That gars me think this hoblefaw that's past
 Will end in naething but a joke at last.

Sir W. I'm sure it will; but see increas'ing light
 Commands the imps of darkness down to night;
 Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
 Whilst I walk out to tak the morning air.

SANG XX.—*Bonny grey-ey'd morn.*

The bonny grey-ey'd morning begins to peep,
 And darkness flies before the rising ray,
 The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
 To follow healthful labours of the day,
 Without guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
 The lark and the linnet 'tend his levee,
 And he joins their concert, driving the plow,
 From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and tofs,
 Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
 Be my portion, health and quietness of mind,
 Plac'd at a due distance from parties and state,
 Where neither ambition nor avarice blind,
 Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.

*While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
Wi' a blue snood, Fenny binds up her hair ;
Glaud by his morning ingle tak's a beek.
The rising sun shines mottly thro' the reek ;
A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een.
And now and then his joke maun interveen.*

Glaud.

I WISH, my bairns, it may keep fair till night,
Ye dinna use so soon to see the light ;
Nae doubt, now ye intend to mix the thrang,
To tak your leave of Patrick or he gang :
But do you think that now when he's a laird,
That he poor landwart lasses will regard ?

Fenny. Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure,
He has mair sense than slight auld friends, tho' poor :
But yesterday he ga'e us mony a tug,
And kifs'd my cousin there frae lug to lug.

Glaud. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again ;
But, be advis'd, his company refrain :
Before, he, as a shepherd, sought a wife,
Wi' her to live a chaste and frugal life ;
But now grown gentle soon he will forsake
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake. (ill.)

Peggy. A rake, what's that?—sure if it means ough
He'll never be't, else I ha'e tint my skill.

Glaud. Daft lassie, ye ken nought of the affair,
Ane young and good and gentle's unco rare :
A rake's a graceless spark, that think's nae shame
To do what like of us thinks sin to name ;
Sic are fae void of shame, they'll never stap
To brag how often they hae had the clap ;

They'll tempt young things like you, wi' youdith
flush'd,

Syne mak ye a' their jest when ye're debauch'd.

Be wary then, I say, and never gi'e

Encouragement, or bound wi' sic as he.

Peggy. Sir William's virtuous, and of gentle blood,
And may not Patrick too, like him, be good?

Glaud. That's true, and mony gentry mae than he,
As they are wiser, better are than we,

But thinner fawn; they're sae puft up wi' pride,

There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide

That shaws the gate to heav'n;—I've heard mysell,

Some o' them laugh at doomsday, sin, and hell.

Jenny. Watch o'er us father! heh, that's very odd,
Sure him that doubts a doomsday, doubts a God.

Glaud. Doubt! why they neither doubt, nor judge,
nor think,

Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch, and drink:

But I'm no saying this, as if I thought

That Patrick to sic gates will e'er be brought.

Peggy. The Lord forbid! Na, he kens better things;
But here comes aunt, her face some ferly brings.

Enter Madge.

Madge. Haste, haste ye, we're a' sent for o'er the
To hear, and help to redd some odd debate (gate,
'Tween Maufe and Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft spell,
At Symon's house, the knight sits judge himsell.

Glaud. Lend me mystaff—Madge lock the outer door,
And bring the lassies wi' ye; I'll step before. (*Exit.*

Madge. Poor Meg!—Look, Jenny, was the like e'er
How bleer'd and red wi' greeting look her een! (seen)
This day her brankan wooer taks his horse,
To strut a gentle spark at Edinburgh cross;

To change his kent cut frae the branchy plain,
 For a nice sword and glancing headed cane;
 To leave his ram-horn spoons, and kitted whey,
 For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay:
 To leave the green swaird dance, when we gae milk,
 To rustle among the beauties clad in silk.
 But Meg, poor Meg! maun wi' the shepherds stay,
 And tak what God will send in hodden-gray.

Peggy. Dear aunt, what needs ye fast us wi' your
 It's no my fault that I'm nae gentler born. (scorn;
 Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,
 I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green;
 Now since he rises, why should I repine?
 If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine:
 And then, the like has been, if the decree
 Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Madge. A bonny story, troth!—But wi' delay;
 Prio up your aprons baith, and come away.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

*Sir William fills the two-arm'd chair,
 While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Maufe
 Attend, and wi' loud laughter hear
 Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause;
 For now it's tell'd him that the tarw
 Was handled by revengefu' Madge,
 Because he brak good breeding's laws,
 And wi' his nonsense rais'd their rage.*

Sir Will.

AND was that all?—Wiel, Archbald, you was serv'd
 No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.
 Was it so small a matter to defame,
 And thus abuse an honest woman's name?

Besides your going about to have betray'd,
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

Bauldy. Sir, I confess my fault thro' a' the steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

Mause. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score,
I kend na that they thought me sic before.

Bauldy. An't like your Honour, I believ'd it wiel;
But troth I was e'en doilt to seek the de'il;
Yet, wi' your Honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
She's baith a flee and revengefu' ——.

And that my *some place* finds;—but I had best
Haud in my tongue, for yonder comes the *ghaist*,
And the young bonny *witch*, whase rosie cheek
Sent me, without my wit, the de'il to seek.

Enter Madge, Peggy, and Jenny.

Sir W. (looking at Peggy). Whose daughter's she
that wears th' Aurora gown,
With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?
How sparkling are her eyes! what's this I find!
The girl brings all my sister to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
Is this your daughter, Glaud?——

Glaud.———Sir, she's my niece—
And yet she's not—but I should had my peace.

Sir W. This is a contradiction; what d'ye mean?
She is, and is not! pray thee, Glaud, explain.

Glaud. Because I doubt, if I should mak appear }
What I have kept a secret thirteen year— }

Mause. You may reveal what I can fully clear. }

Sir W. Speak soon; I'm all impatience!—

Patie.———So am I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Glaud. Then, since my master orders, I obey—

This *bonny foundling* æ clear morn of May,

Cloſe by the lee ſide of my door I found,

All ſweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,

In infant weeds, of rich and gentle make.

What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forſake?

Wha, warſe that brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air

Sae much of innocence, ſae ſweetly fair.

Sae helpleſs young? for ſhe appear'd to me

Only about twa towmands auld to be.

I took her in my arms, the bairnie ſmil'd

Wi' ſic a look wad made a ſavage mild.

I hid the ſtory, ſhe has paſs'd ſinceſyne

As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine;

Nor do I rue my care about the wean,

For ſhe's wiel worth the care that I ha'e tane.

Ye ſee ſhe's bonny; I can ſwear ſhe's good,

And am right ſure ſhe's come of gentle blood;

Of whom I kenna—naething ken I mair,

Than what I to your Honour now declare.

Sir W. This tale ſeems ſtrange!—

Patie.——The tale delights my ear! (appear.

Sir W. Command your joys, young man, till truth

Mauſe. That be my taſk—Now, Sir, bid a' be huſh,

Peggv may ſmile—Thou haſt nae cauſe to bluſh.

Lang ha'e I wiſh'd to ſee this happy day,

That I might ſafely to the truth gi'e way;

That I may now Sir William Worthy name

The beſt and neareſt friend that ſhe can claim.

He ſaw't at firſt, and wi' quick eye did trace

His ſiſter's beauty in her daughter's face.

Sir W. Old woman, do not rave—prove what you
'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play. (say ;

Patie. What reason, Sir, can an auld woman have
To tell a lie, when she's fae near her grave ?
But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,
I every thing that looks like reason want.

Omnes. The story's odd ! we wish we heard it out.

Sir W. Make haste, good woman, and resolve each
doubt.

(*Mause goes forward leading Peggy to Sir William.*

Mause. Sir, view me wiel ; has fifteen years so plew'd
A wrinkled face that you ha'e often view'd,
That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
Wha nurs'd her mother that now hads my hand ;
Yet stronger proofs I'll gi'e if you demand. }

Sir W. Ha, honest nurse ! where were my eyes be-
I know thy faithfulness, and need no more ; (fore ?
Yet from the lab'rinth, to lead out my mind,
Say, to expose her, who was so unkind ?

(*Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.*
Yes, surely, thou'rt my niece ; truth must prevail :
But no more words 'till Mause relate her tale.

Patie. Good nurse, gae on ; nae music's haf fae fine,
Or can gi'e pleasure like thae words of thine.

Mause. Then it was I that sav'd her infant life,
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
'The story's lang ; but I the secret knew,
How they pursu'd wi' avaricious view
Her rich estate, of which they're now possess ;
All this to me a confident confest.
I heard wi' horror, and wi' trembling dread,
'They'd smoor the sackless orphan in her bed.

That very night, when a' were sunk in rest,
 At midnight hour the floor I softly preft,
 And staw the sleeping innocent away,
 Wi' whom I travell'd some few miles e'er day.
 A' day I hid me:—when the day was done,
 I kept my journey lighted by the moon,
 'Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
 Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerful swains.
 Afraid of being found out, and, to secure
 My charge, I laid her at this shepherd's door;
 And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
 Whate'er shou'd happen to her, might be by.
 Here, honest Glaud himsell, and Symon may
 Remember wiew how I that very day
 Frae Roger's father took my little cruve.

(Glaud with tears of joy running down his beard) .

I wiew remember't: Lord reward your love!
 Lang ha'e I wish't for this; for aft I thought
 Sic knowledge some time shoud about be brought.

Patie. 'Tis now a crime to doubt—my joys are full,
 Wi' due obedience to a parent's will.

Sir, wi' paternal love survey her charms,
 And blame me not for rushing to her arms;
 She's mine by vows, and would, tho' still unknown,
 Ha'e been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

Sir W. My niece, my daughter, welcome to my
 Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair, (care,
 Equal with Patrick; now my greatest aim
 Shall be to aid your joys, and well-match'd flame.
 My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
 With as good will as either would demand.

(Patie and Peggy embrace and kneel to Sir William)

Patie. Wi' as much joy this blessing I receive,
As ane wad life that's sinking in a wave.

Sir W. (raises them.) I give you both my blessing;
may your love

Produce a happy race, and still improve.

Peggy. My wishes are complete—my joys arise,
While I'm haf dizzy wi' the blest surprize.

And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much generous kindness had?
Lang may Sir William blifs these happy plains,
Happy while heaven grant he on them remains.

Patie. Be lang our guardian, still our master be,
We'll only crave what you shall please to gi'e:
Th' estate be yours, my Peggy's ane to me. }

Glaud. I hope your honour now will tak amends
Of them that fought her life for wicked ends,

Sir W. The base unnatural villian soon shall know
That eyes above watch the affairs below:
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill got gains.

Peggy. To me the views of wealth, and an estate,
Seem light, when put in balance wi' my Pate:
For his sake only I'll ay thankful bow
For such a kindness, best of men, to you.

Symon. What double blythness opens up this day;
I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away:
Shall I unsaddle your horse, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye of hale country fare?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow,
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you:
Even Bauldy the bewich'd has quite forgot
Fell Madge's tawz, and pauky Manse's ples.

Sir W. Kindly old man ; remain with you this day !
 I never from these fields again will stray :
 Mafons and wrights shall soon my house repair,
 And busy gardeners shall new planting rear :
 My father's hearty table you soon shall see
 Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me. (year?

Symon. That's the best news I heard this twenty
 New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

Glaud. God save the King, and save Sir William Lang,
 T' enjoy their ain and raise the shepherd's sang.

Roger. Wha winna dance, wha will refuse to sing ?
 What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring ?

Bauldy. I'm friends wi' Maufe—wi' very Madge I'm
 Altho' they skelpit me when woodly fleid ; (gree'd,
 I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
 To join and sing, " Lang may Sir William live."

Madge. Lang may he live—and, Bauldy, learn to
 Your gab a wee, and think before ye speak, (steek
 And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
 Else ye may yet some witches fingers ban.
 This day I'll wi' the youngest o' you rant,
 And brag for ay that I was call'd the aunt
 Of our young lady,—my dear bonny bairn !

Peggy. Nae other name I'll ever for you learn :
 And, my good nurse, how shall I gratefu' be
 For a' thy matchless kindness done to me ?

Maufe. The flowing pleasures of this happy day
 Does fully a' I can require repay.

Sir W. To faithful Symon, and, kind Glau, to
 you,
 And to your heirs, I give in endless feu,
 The mailens ye possess, as justly due,

}

For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
 Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
 Maufe, in my house, in calmness, close your days,
 With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

Omnes. The Lord of heav'n return your honour's love,
 Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove.

Patie, presenting Roger to Sir William.

Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd
 My bosom secrets, ere I was a laird;
 Glaud's daughter, Janet (Jenny, think nae shame),
 Rais'd and maintains in him a lover's flame:
 Lang was he dumb, at last he spak and won,
 And hopes to be our honest uncle's son;
 Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,
 That nane may wear a face of discontent.

Sir W. My son's demand is fair—Glaud, let me crave,
 That trusty Roger may your daughter have
 With frank consent; and while he does remain
 Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

Glaud. You croud your bounties, Sir; what can
 we say,

But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay?
 Whate'er your Honour will's, I shall obey.

Roger, my daughter wi' my blessing take,
 And still our master's right your business make:
 Please him, be faithful, and this auld gray head
 Shall nod wi' quietness down amang the dead.

Roger. I ne'er was good at speaking a' my days,
 Or ever loo'd to mak o'er great a fraise;
 But for my master, father, and my wife,
 I will employ the cares of a' my life.

Sir W. My friends, I'm fatisfy'd you'll all behave,
 Each in his ftation, as I'd wifh or crave.
 Be ever virtuous, foon or late ye'll find
 Reward and fatisfaction to your mind.
 The maze of life fometimes looks dark and wild;
 And oft, when hopes are higheft, we're beguil'd.
 Oft when we ftand on brinks of dark defpair,
 Some happy turn with joy difpels our care. }
 Now all's at rights, wha fings beft let me hear. }

Peggy. When you demand, I readieft fhould obey;
 I'll fing you ane, the neweft that I hae.

SANG XXI.—*Corn riggs are bonny.*

My Pattie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy;
 His breath is fweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy:
 His fhape is handsome, middle fize;
 He's comely in his wauking;
 The fhining of his een furprife;
 'Tis heaven to hear him tauking.
 Laft night I met him on a bauk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he fpak
 That fet my heart a-glowing.
 He kifs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me beft of ony,
 That gars me like to fing finfyne,
 O corn riggs are honny.
 Let lasses of a filly mind
 Refufe what maift they're wanting!

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Since we for yielding we're design'd,
We chafely should be granting.
Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
And fyne my cockernony
He's free to touzle air or late,
While corn riggs are bonny.

(Exeunt omnes.)

THE END.

SANG I.



SANG II.



SANG III.



SANG IV.

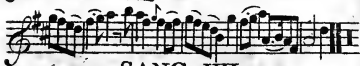
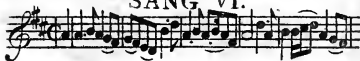


SANG V.

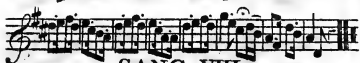
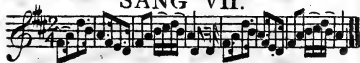




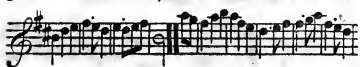
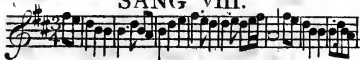
SANG VI.



SANG VII.



SANG VIII.



SANG IX.



SANG X.

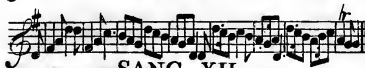
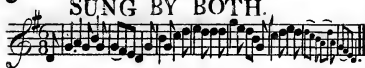


SANG XI.

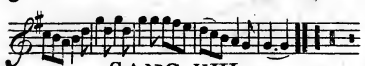
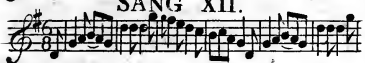




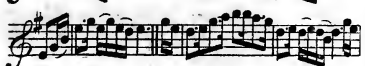
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SANG XII.



SANG XIII.



SANG XIV.



SANG XV.

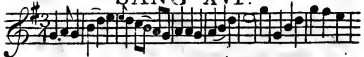


Jenny laid to Jocky,

P. 233

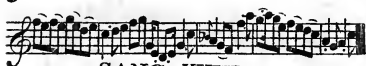


SANG XVI.

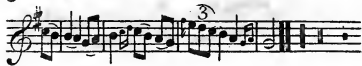
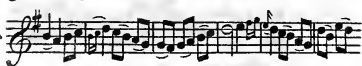
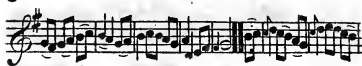
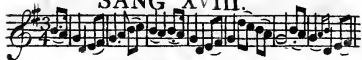




SANG XVII.



SANG XVIII.



SANG XLK.



SANG XX.



SANG XXI.





